And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.
King. Go call him hither.
Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty.
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the soldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go-see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the Soldier.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.
Soul. Do you heare, you sir,
Do you know this gloue?
Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
He strikes him.
Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,
Ile giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now? Whats the matter?
Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanson*:
And your maiesty will beare me witnesses,

And